

# News out of the Strand, OR, The Brewers Misfortune.

Being a true relation of a London Brewer, who was taken by his own Wife and the constable, in bed with two strapping Lasses both at once, he lying in the middle, and they on each side. This was done near Covent-Garden on monday the seventh day of this present July, 1662. about one of the clock in the morning; the manner how, is more fully exprest in this following Ditty.

To the Tune of, Come my own Dear let us dally a while.



**C**ome listen a while and I'll tell you a jest,  
with a fa, la, la, la, la lero,  
There's nothing but truth in my Ditty exprest,  
with a fa, la, la, la, la lero.  
Tis of a Ranting Brewer which,  
Was troubled with a lecherous Itch  
And wanted a Whoze to cole his brach,  
with a fa, la, la, la, la, lero.

So be a Whoze-monger he was known,  
with a fa, la, &c.  
And yet he had a sweet Wife of his own,  
with a fa, la, &c.  
He had good Ale enough in his own Fat,  
And flesh in his house, yet what of that  
The Brewer must have a fresh bit for his Cat,  
with a fa, la, &c.

Sure he in lust did exceedingly burn,  
with a fa, &c.  
That no lesse than two could serve his turn,  
with a fa, &c.  
If that be true that one Whoze can fole,  
Ten men in an hour and make them recople,  
I fear these two wenches the Brewer did spoile,  
with a fa, &c.

But that which to many doth seeme very strange,  
with a fa, &c.  
These Whozes belonged unto the Exchange,  
with a fa, &c.  
The Brewer being in great care,  
How for his money, to get good ware.  
The new Exchange fitted him to a hair,  
with a fa, &c.

This Brewer was none of your Idle Drones,  
with fa, &c.  
For he could please two wenches at once,  
with a fa, &c.  
He'd need be wary that deals with such,  
For they will be very apt to grutch,  
If one hath too little and tother too much,  
with a fa la, &c.

These Lasses were none of the ordinary sort  
with a fa, la, &c.  
But stately young Girls who were us'd to the sport,  
with a fa, la, &c.  
They knew the Brewer to be a brave Lad,  
Who freely would give to make them glad,  
A draught of the sweetest wort that he had,  
with a fa la, &c.

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with a fa, la, la, la, la lero,  
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with a fa, la, la, la, la lero.  
Tis of a Ranting Brewer which,  
Was troubled with a lecherous Itch  
And wanted a Whore to cole his brach,  
with a fa, la, la, la, la, lero.

So be a Whore-monger he was known,  
with a fa, la, &c.  
And yet he had a sweet Wife of his own,  
with a fa, la, &c.  
He had good Ale enough in his own Fat,  
And flesh in his house, yet what of that  
The Brewer must have a fresh bit for his Cat,  
with a fa, la, &c.

Sure he in lust did exceedingly burn,  
with a fa, &c.  
That no lesse than two could serve his turn,  
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If that be true that one Whore can fople,  
Ten men in an hour and make them recople,  
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The second part to the same Tune.



**O** Was not this a wonderful Riddle,  
with a fa, la, &c.  
**T**wo whores in the Bed, and a knave in the middle,  
with a fa la, &c.  
**B**ut though 'twas odds yet he did not fall,  
**N**o please both the wenches (tooth and nail)  
**H**is courage was rais'd with a Cup of good Ale  
with a fa, &c.

**N**et mark how at last this Brewer did fare,  
with a fa la, &c.  
**H**is wife catch'd him napping, as Moses catch'd  
with a fa la, &c. (his spare,  
**H**is wife laid him long before.  
**B**ecause he us'd to Rant and Roar,  
**B**ut now he resolv'd she would find out his  
with a fa la, &c. (whore,

**A**nd having notice of the place,  
with a fa la, &c.  
**W**here he his Lasses did embrace,  
with a fa la, &c.  
**N**o follow him thither she was not afraid  
**B**ecause she had the Constable's aid  
**A**nd thus the poor Brewer was betray'd,  
with a fa la, &c.

**O**n monday morning by one of the clock,  
with a fa la, &c.  
**A**t the first crowing of the Cock,  
with a fa la, &c.  
**S**he slept into the Room with a staff,  
**W**hich to the whores was a terrible sight  
**A**nd did the Brewer most sorely affright,  
with a fa la, &c.

**W**here she beheld unto her grief  
with a fa la, &c.  
**T**hat these two Lasses had plaid the cheat,  
with a fa la, &c.  
**F**or being in her Husbands lap,  
**T**hey went so often to the best Tap,  
**T**hat she at home could get never a drop,  
with a fa la &c.  
**B**ut now the good wife will make them both sure,  
with a fa la, &c.  
**F**rom being henceforth so bold with the Brewer,  
with a fa la, &c.  
**T**hey did consume her husbands gains,  
**A**nd drank up the Ale whilst she sed on the grains,  
**I**t is fit that they should be well paid for their  
with a fa la, &c. (pains

**I**nto the round-house these Lasses were put,  
with a fa la, &c.  
**A** fitting place for each impudent slut,  
with a fa la, &c.  
**H**ereafter let them have a care,  
**H**ow to a Brewer they sell their ware,  
**F**or fear that Bridewell fall to their share,  
with a fa la, &c.

**I** cannot tell how they'll speed all at last,  
with a fa la, la, la, la lero,  
**B**ut sure I am, the worst it is not past,  
with a fa la, la, la, la, lero.  
**T**he Brewer should have been more wise,  
**A**nd kept further off his wenches thighs  
**F**or now hee'll be made to pay double Crosse,  
with a fa la, la, la, la, lero.